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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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Death of the Factory Girl

(By Herbert N. Casson, in New York Journal.)

Like a trampled flower she lay there,
In the cabin on the hill;
"Jennie's sick," said Tom, her brother,
To the foreman of the mill.

Tossing in her restless fever,
On a blanket soiled and torn,
Lay this work-worn child of sorrow,
Eight sad years since she was born.

Then her feverish fancy wakened,
And her eyes grew wide with fear,
"Mamma, hurry, there's the whistle;
I'll be late if I lie here.

"See that wheel above the window!
What a big one! See it whirl!
Mamma, I'm so tired of working
And I'm such a little girl.

"Can't I have a dolly, mamma,
Like that one I saw one day?
Are there mills in heaven, too, mamma?
Won't God let me run and play?

"See how fast the spools are spinning!
Faster, faster! Oh, my head!
No, I couldn't help it; no, sir!
Please, I didn't break the thread!

"Oh, my fingers' caught! It's bleeding!
Stop the wheels and let me go!
Mamma, quick! The wheels will kill me.
Stop it! Oh, it hurts me so!"

Then the angel paused no longer,
Fanned her with his cooling breath,
Touched her tiny heart and stopped it,
Soothed her with the peace of death.

Jesus and the Children

The cartoon on the first page is a fearful indictment against the present social and economic system. The artist has been true to life. He has portrayed a condition that exists in every large city in the world.

What would Jesus say if he were here?

Two million helpless suffering children are today employed in mills, factories, mines and stores in this country. They are there because of sheer want. Their little limbs ache when they start in the morning and their poor bodies shiver with pain as they go home at night.

Under cruel foremen they stand during the long and weary hours, frightened at every word uttered by the tyrant in whose hands lies their fate. For if they are discharged, what are they going to do?

In the mills they have to work near dangerous machinery, where their lives are in constant danger and where thousands are actually killed every year. Look at their anxious, scared faces as they try to keep their hands out of the relentless cogs and the grasping feeders in the big machines. See how often they are caught. There is a finger, a thumb, a hand—torn from the little child, causing it to suffer for weeks and months and then leaving it a maimed, miserable being for life.

Read the little poem on the first page. Can you do it and not weep? Can you look at the actual condition of the millions of little wage slaves and not burst out in tears? Can you hear these poor, innocent unfortunates in their fretful sleep worry about their day's labor without a pang of pain? Can you see them in their fever without becoming sick at heart.

O, "the bitter cry of the children!"

And why do they labor thus, and why do they cut themselves off from the play and frolic of childhood? Why do they have to leave school and forsake their playmates? Why do they have to be away from home and a mother's care in these tender years?

Why have we made slaves of the children?

To make profit for the capitalist.

Their little bodies starve and go naked even as it is. What they receive for their hard toil is only a small portion of what they earn. It only clothes and feeds them scantily.

In addition to the exhausting labor these little

children are suffering from hunger and cold, from bad air in factory and in the dingy shacks they call home, from lack of companionship and freedom to mingle with their dear ones.

What would Jesus say about a social order that deals in this way with the children? What would he say if he saw their haggard looks, their drawn faces, their fleshless limbs, their bony hands, their bent backs, their deformed frame, their dwarfed stature? What would he say if he came to a church and heard the minister support the system that contorts and destroys the little ones of the nation in this fashion? What would he say if he saw the deacons and elders cast their ballot for the vicious order of society that commits this outrage against "the least of these?"

Jesus and the children!

How he loved them while he was on earth! How he took their part! How he spoke in their behalf! How he commanded that we do not offend them.

"It would be better that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea than that he should offend one of these little ones."

It would be better that a millstone be hanged about the neck of capitalism and that it be cast into the depths of the sea than that it should grind into pieces the lives of two million children in this great country.

Go, tell the people that the day of judgment is come. Capitalism has had its run and must be cast away. The children must be saved from the hell this monster system has created for them.

The children must be saved.

Ye believers in the Carpenter of Nazareth, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to crucify the Christ afresh by crucifying the children whom he loved and for whose welfare he lived and died? Are you going to preach capitalism and bring upon your heads the condemnation of the defender of the little ones?

"I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."—J. O. B.

Don't Wake 'Em Up

What did you tell that man just now?
I told him to hurry.
What right have you to tell him to hurry?
I pay him to hurry.
What do you pay him?
Two dollars a day.
Where do you get the money to pay him with?
I sell bricks.
Who makes the bricks?
He does.
How many bricks does he make?
Twenty-four men can make 24,000 bricks a day.
Then instead of you paying him, he pays you five dollars a day for standing around and telling him to hurry.
Well, but I own the machinery.
How did you get the machinery?
Sold bricks and bought it.
Who make the bricks?
Shut up, you'll make the fools wake up, and then they will make bricks for themselves.—Socialist News.

"Having abandoned hope of a happy hereafter in which the poor, but honest and God-fearing laborer shall find rich reward for all toil and suffering patiently borne here, they have determined to enjoy this life, and, as it is not an easy thing to believe that there is no blessedness in the universe, they believe this earth designed to be a paradise. They talk of its beauties and of the soul-satisfying delights of life, from all of which they are needlessly debarred, not so much, say the moderates, by any wilful conspiracy of the rich, as by the failure of man to perceive that the time has come for a complete reconstruction of industrial society on a co-operative basis."—Prof. R. T. [illegible]on Materialistic Aspect of American Socialism.

The Kingdom of God---The Christian Church

By Wm. H. Watts.

It is noticeable to the student of the New Testament that the early Christian Church apparently had no name, unless the terms "The Kingdom of the Heavens" and "The Kingdom of God" may be considered as the titles of the church. The followers of Jesus were first called Christians at Antioch, long after the church had become a strong, widespread and flourishing institution.

It is too much to assume that an organization that in the time of the Apostles spread from Britain to the borders of India had no name. The last historical word we have concerning St. Paul is that he lived for two years in his own hired house preaching the Kingdom of God. We shall not be far astray then if we assume that the title of the early church was the Kingdom of God.

Salvation may be briefly but inclusively defined as harmony or agreement with God. The purpose of the life, death and teaching of Jesus was to bring the individual soul into this harmony with the Divine, and this constituted his Messiahship. To this end he ordained the church; a communistic society that should go out and disciple all nations, winning all men to the life of brotherhood. The initiatory rite was baptism; signifying that the Spirit of God purifies the soul of the believer even as water purifies the body. The world-wide success of this society would mean that eventually the state would be transformed and the Golden Age inaugurated; a state of society and the individual in which we would love and serve each other even as he loved and served us.

The communion service, since corrupted into the so-called sacrifice of the mass, was the love feast of the ancient church, a symbol of human brotherhood in communion with Divine Fatherhood, for in partaking of the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord we partake of the symbols of the greatest pledge of love that Omnipotence could give, and the greatest demonstration of love that humanity can attain to. "Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his *life* for his friends." And yet, there are religious teachers who tell us that in the communion service we do not commune with each other, but only with God. The answer to this contention is in the words of St. John: "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

In his effort to raise the spiritual nature of man Jesus recognized the principle that "It is not good for man to be alone;" and he sent his preachers out two and two. In this way they were enabled to practice the communal life wherever they went. But even if he had not established this custom the Apostles would not have dared to travel very far alone. They were not afraid of persecution or of death; but they were afraid of themselves. They were afraid of the "old man;" they were afraid of the latent animalism within. But traveling together, camping together, rooming together, standing together on the street corners or wherever they could get a hearing, walking and talking together, praying together, singing together—sometimes when their backs were smarting from the Roman lash, as Paul and Silas did in the Philippian jail—helping each other, encouraging each other, they were enabled to keep their tempers and meet the persecutions of the world with a sweet, Christ-like spirit, to bear up under hardships, vexations and trials that would have crushed and broken the strongest human soul if left to bear the burden alone.

While the early Christian Church practiced communism, communism was only a means to an end. The great purpose of Jesus was the uplift of the individual soul. Nothing could be farther from the thought of Jesus than that the individual exists for the state or the church, but exactly the reverse was his idea. The key note of his teaching is the immense value he placed on the individual. The problem which he faced was how to make the state and the church better serve the interests of the individual; and the prime interest of the individual, according to Jesus, is the cultivation of the spiritual nature; the provision for the material interests is only a means for the production of the ideal man.

The ecclesiastical system of Moses exalted the church above the individual, and the complete subordination of the individual to the state was inculcated by all the ancient political systems, whether democratic or imperial. This, together with the communal life commonly led by the laboring class in that age made necessary a strong note of individualism in the message of Jesus which has been completely misunderstood in a later age when individualism became the order of the day both in industry and politics. The result has been that the individualism of Jesus and the Apostles, exaggerated by the individualism in the thought of the world has produced an ultra individualism in the thought and life of the church which, ignoring the effect of loving companionship and fellowship in developing the best there is in human nature and strengthening the soul in every time of trial and temptation, sings—

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

A false sentiment; a denial of the Christ ordained method of developing Christian character. The value of the church to the struggling Christian is not so much in the form of her services or the message of the preacher as in the kindly fellowship of those who are engaged in the same good work and inspired by the same aspirations.

In the days of the Apostles, when common interests and the communal life made the suffering of one the suffering of all, and the joy of one the joy of all, the church was indeed an "ark of salvation" to every believer.

But to-day the blight of commercialism is on almost every phase of religious activity.

We pay fashionable pastors three, five, ten thousand dollars per year to soothe the ears of respectability with empty platitudes while the frontier itinerant goes the round of a circuit of four charges for three hundred dollars a year and boards himself, and the city missionary and his family wear other people's cast-off clothing. The church lays out summer resorts where the dearly beloved brother who has the price can spend a vacation without being contaminated by contact with the sinful world, but when a steamer or railroad train is to be chartered to give some of the submerged tenth a taste of God's great outdoors we turn the job over to the Salvation Army, which a kind Providence seems to have appointed a sort of scullery maid to the church.

But whatever criticism we may make of the church of to-day let us have done with the common complaint that "the Church has deserted the poor man." It is equally true that the poor man has deserted the church. If it be true that the church of to-day is an aristocratic institution, if it be true that wealth dominates her polity and her teachings, is it not, at least partially, because the working class comrades of the Nazarene carpenter have turned their backs on the cause for which he suffered and died, shut their ears to his message and left his church in the hands of his enemies?

The faults and follies of the church, deplorable as they may be, are only the faults and follies of the social system with which the church is so closely interwoven as to be unable to disengage herself. The redemption of the church and the redemption of society must come together. If, however, the church had been true to her trust, if she had consistently taught the principles of social responsibility and social obligation, if she had ever insisted upon a life of social service and upon that fundamental principle of human liberty an equal share in the ownership of all the means of life for each individual, the Dark Ages would never have been; a stimulus incalculable would have been given to art, science, invention and discovery,

and the Golden Age might long ere this have lifted all humanity into communion with its Creator; but because the church proved recreant to her trust, because of the church's treason to her Master, society has been compelled to attain the ultimate goal of human progress through the long and painful process of economic evolution, and the story has been written in blood and fire and tears, and Socialism is to-day preaching that part of the message of Jesus which the church has so shamefully neglected. And when a united, world-wide proletariat, driven by the failure of capitalism to care for its victims, shall establish the Co-operative Commonwealth the commercial incubus will be lifted from the church, and sectarian walls, raised by the ignorance and bigotry of the past, will fall to the ground; then shall stand forth, in all its wondrous beauty, the Living Temple in which Jesus is the chief corner stone; a temple whose vaulted dome is the Fatherhood of God, whose pavement is the Brotherhood of Man, within whose walls shall go up peans of praise to the Father Everlasting. Then we shall sing with a fervor we have never felt before—

"I love thy Kingdom, Lord,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

"I love thy Church, O, God!
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
For her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

Cathedral Notes

BY RU' S W. WEEKS.

Little old Chester is a favorite stopping-place of Americans for a day just after landing in Europe, or just before sailing for home; in either case, whether taken as preface or as conclusion, it affords a choice *multum in parvo* of that which we go to Europe to see. On this my last morning in England, I went up the stone steps to the top of Chester wall, at the Eastgate, intending to walk about the four sides of the ancient city. A few paces brought me to a pause, for, at a turn, behold the cathedral—a brown-red pile rising from a goodly stretch of green sward—the square-towered cathedral, sedate and stately in its fitting environment. To walk its length along the grassy yard, to step down into the cloisters worn and blackened by how many centuries, to enter the cathedral itself, were the promptings of the next few minutes—doubly invited by the rich tones of the organ sounding from within.

The view up the nave of this cathedral is blocked by a cumbrous "rood-screen," which shuts off the choir as a holy of holies; and, within the fenced choir, morning prayer was being chanted by two-score surpliced men and boys, while a dozen sinners, scattered about the vast space without, listened and peered through the openings. Among the figures within I perceived a red hood crossing a bent back, and one other priestly form, among the many of less sacred air; standing without, I listened to the grand sentences of the *Te Deum*, and to the alternating strains of the rolling organ, while I looked aloft at the lovely columns and Gothic arches, and at the dim rosy-grey of the far choir roof. The whole affair seemed beautiful and moving; it was like a poem; and I could well imagine that there might be men of quiet idealist temperament who would love thus to chant and intone day after day, for a lifetime. But in these days such a scene rather suggests an echo of the past than a living institution of the present; and, as I look forward, I wonder what place it will have in the future. At the present moment, the working-class movement, which we believe is the germ of the future, dislikes and distrusts the Church of England, seeing two ugly stains upon her: first, that she maintains a host of men in a non-productive life and thus makes the producer's lot so much the harder; and, second, that she is a powerful influence against the proletariat and for the maintaining of vested interests. But if we look to the far future, beyond the class-conflict, to the good time coming when all will be workers, we may guess at another story. Liturgy, especially when glorified by music and made majestic by cathedral walls, appeals to the feeling for the romantic, and there will always be great numbers of human beings gifted with that feeling; and what will there be then to hinder any men who so desire, after their daily task of productive labor, from delighting themselves and whomsoever wishes to partake by worshipping the God of humanity in this beautiful fashion?

Later, as I resumed the walk along Chester wall, I began thinking of the disestablishment of the Church of England, possibly impending; and then experienced a sudden revolution in opinion on that subject. I have always believed, like a good American, that church and state ought to be separate; but I now perceived that if I were an English Socialist I should begin to suspect that the fever for disestablishment is but a bourgeois enthusiasm and not worth proletarian devotion, and moreover should have grave doubts as to the policy itself, for the following reason: If the state continues to control the church, it can dictate the ethics which the church shall teach, by selecting for bishops and priests men who hold the right ethics. When the Socialists of England attain the power of the state, they can make the established Church a powerful engine for strengthening and perpetuating the dominance of Socialist principles, by appointing to place only those men who hold to the proletarianism of primitive Christianity; furthermore, places now held by capitalistic priests can be vacated by act of Parliament, for there is no written constitution limiting the power of Parliament.

As Socialism grows stronger and more strong in England, there will not be lacking priests of the Church who will see the truth of that logic which ties the religion of Christ to the working-class movement; there are a few such now who speak out the truth they see, and more will be set free to think and speak as the day of deliverance draws nigh. Already there is at least one bishop who is not far from the light. Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham, preached in Westminster Abbey, last Sunday, from the story of the Transfiguration, to a congregation which crowded the Abbey to its limits. He said the lesson of the vision was twofold: it was a revelation of the glory of the Christ and of the humanity that was perfected through Him, and a revelation of the path by which that glory could be realized. Both Old and New Testaments pointed out that the aim of all striving was to be a glorified humanity. We make a great mistake in imagining that that glory is to be reserved for another state. The New Jerusalem is not something to be realized in the heavens; the scene of this perfected human existence is to be here, upon this earth. The vision of the new heaven and the new earth is terrestrial, not celestial. All remedial agencies have as their objective a human world transformed and regenerated. *Yet that end can only be achieved through storm and conflict and catastrophe.* But the first condition is that we have the vision. The first chance for moral and social recovery is that our old men shall see visions and our young men dream dreams.

Thus far Dr. Gore. I have italicized his most telling utterance; it suggests that even a bishop has at last perceived the fateful truth of the class-struggle; that even he may have done with the futility of hypocrisy of preaching universal brotherhood to those who must struggle for social justice, and may see that once more it is not peace but a sword that the Son of Man sends on the earth.

The whole earth is like a caldron, boiling and seething with human passions. *Man is at war with man,* and everywhere are rags and animosity. When, from God's fatherhood, shall come the truth of our brotherhood? Lord Jesus, what hast thou done since thou wentest away? Hast thou forgotten thine errand hither? Art thou not weary of this globe, which swings about thy throne on its bitter path with anthems of pain and woe? Hasten the time when the whole world, en-choired by love, shall go its golden way, singing thy praise and its joy.—Henry W. Beecher in *Life Thoughts,* compiled by E. D. Proctor, for the Brooklyn Congregation in 1858.

The Fellowship and the Parties

The statement that the resolution of the First Christian Socialist Fellowship Conference at Louisville endorsing the Socialist Party was passed "only after a hard fight" is absolutely false. Every person present at the Conference at that time knows that there was not a single word of objection uttered against that resolution and not a single vote cast against it. IT WAS ADOPTED WITH COMPLETE UNANIMITY.

And, so far as I know, every member of the Fellowship who enjoys the ballot votes the Socialist Party ticket, *though this is not a test of membership in the Fellowship.*

A motion was made and seconded by those who had already expressed themselves as opposed to the name and objects of the Fellowship (see Constitution) and declared their unwillingness to become members (which should have prevented their taking part in the further business of the Conference) that the Constitution itself endorse the Socialist Party in such a manner as would have made adherence to the Socialist Party a test of membership in the Fellowship. This motion was fully debated—though so irregularly introduced—and was voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Among the reasons given against placing this requirement in the Constitution were the following:

1. The Fellowship is a propaganda society, not a political party. The place to join the Socialist Party is at the "branch," or, if the party means those who merely vote the ticket, at the election booth. A propaganda society, like the "Collectivist Society," and the "Commonwealth Club," does not usually require party membership for admission.

2. While the Constitution demands Socialism and recognizes the class struggle, it was not deemed wise for the Fellowship to commit itself constitutionally to any particular party because there are two Socialist parties in the United States and two in Canada, all within our direct field of propaganda, and we wished to leave the Fellowship door open to every Socialist who believes in our objects as expressed in the Constitution. And it is expected that the Christian Socialist Fellowship will become international. *Therefore it stands for International Socialism,* which does not discriminate between Socialist parties but recognizes all.

3. The Constitution is hard to change. It is built to stay until a large majority demands its alteration. The Fellowship expects to endure and do its work in spite of all factions in the Socialist movement. Even ignoring the Christian Socialists in the S. L. P. and in Canada and those who had not identified themselves with any party, *which we were unwilling to do,* we did not forget that the Socialist Party is quite young, that there are strong factions and that some leading Socialists still doubt the permanency of our present party organization. Therefore the conference at Louisville thought it best to build the constitutional foundation of the Fellowship so deep and high that no factional contests or party changes could destroy it.

The Christian Socialist Fellowship stands for SOCIALISM, first, last and all the time. *It does not presume to know just what political organization will effect our emancipation.* Political parties change like the leaves of the trees. PRINCIPLES ABIDE FOREVER. We have grounded the Fellowship on principles that will outlast all parties.

In the United States the chief political exponent of our principles is the Socialist Party, therefore, as nearly all, if not all, our members affiliate with it, and as the Socialist Party bids fair to become permanent, we very naturally express our adherence to it by resolutions which express our present approval. But we are not so foolish nor so hypocritical as to pretend that we would adhere to it if it became too narrow, forsook the principles of Socialism, or adopted methods of failure.

The Christian Socialist Fellowship is rooting deep and growing fast and bids fair to help largely in arousing the people for the glorious revolution which shall realize the highest dreams of saints and sages for humanity, that shall bring real liberty and peace, real prosperity and Christianity to all men.—E. E. C.

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The Strike of the Telegraph Operators

The capitalist press, including many of the religious papers, is lamenting the great loss to the business of this nation on account of the strike of the telegraph operators. The cry is that the public is suffering.

This is not true.

Men who claim to be morally right should look twice before taking the position that the public is suffering from this strike.

The public is suffering all the time from capitalism. When a few thousand of the public begin to revolt against capitalist oppression the subsidized press tries to divert the attention of the people by making them believe that they themselves are the sufferers from their own revolt.

It is the capitalist that suffers.

During the strike he cannot get the eighty cents of the dollar that the wage earner makes for him. He is out a lot of money. He cannot continue his robbery to such flagrant extent as when the lambs are quietly increasing his fortunes for him.

Of course, the strikers suffer also. But then, they are used to it. It doesn't hurt them so much. Then, too, they lose only twenty cents on every dollar they would earn. That's bad enough, to be sure, when those twenty cents are the only means whereby they can live.

Socialism will end all strikes. In the first place no individual or corporation or employer of any kind could rob the laborer. There would be no chance for exploitation.

In the second place, when the laborer gets the full value of his labor he will quit striking. It would not do him any good to strike for more. He could not get any more if he struck a thousand years. He would starve. But when he gets all he produces he will not have any reason to strike. The laborers will employ themselves under Socialism and any strike would be simply a strike against themselves.

Strikes are bad for capitalism. But capitalism itself is the cause of strikes. It cuts its throat by the inherent unrighteousness of the system.

If Socialism were the cause of the telegraphers' strike we would soon hear from the moralizers of the country. Some shorthaired, brainless, sawed-off little servants of capitalism are charging Socialism with being in sympathy with the strikers.

We plead guilty.

Socialism will always stand for the man whose only demand is a little larger portion of the product of his toil. It will stand with him in his fight till he secures *all* that he produces.

This is hard on the ethics of capitalism. But it must be remembered that capitalism has been weighed in the balance of morality and found wanting. It is guilty of every crime in the category of crime and can lay no claim to the respect of civilization.

Socialism comes with a gospel of right and justice—a gospel of brotherhood and equity—a gospel of love and good will to all men.

Brother Christian, don't you think it is about time to turn away from the oppressors and begin to use your influence for something worthy of your profession? Can you be informed on this subject and still stand for the decrepit craft of capitalism that is sinking deeper into the slough of immorality every day? Better look squarely at the situation and see if you are not compelled by your own conscience and your own sense of justice to discard the system that is iniquitous in its nature and productive of nothing but wrong against the people who live under it.

It is up to the operators to study Socialism. Every key man should inform himself on the economic system that would place his job within his own hands and return to him all his labor produces.—J. O. B.

Report of Delegate Fund

The response to the delegate fund was so cordial and liberal that we have taken new hold in this movement, and by the encouragement of the comrades we will endeavor to push this work even harder than we have been able to do in the past.

In behalf of Comrade Carr, who is still in Europe, and in behalf of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, under whose auspices he has been sent, I want to express most sincerely our appreciation to all who have aided both by word and by deed.

We give hereby a detailed report of receipts to date. Some have requested that we do not use their names, so we attach their initials only, together with the sum they have donated:

Prof. E. J. Ward, N. Y., $29; Mrs. Anna K. Hulburd, Chicago, $10; Rev. E. H. J., Ill., $5; H., Chicago, $7; Helen Phelps Stokes, N. Y., $100; Geo. H. Strobell, N. J., $25; C. F. Nesbit, D. C., $10; Dr. C. W. McDade, Minn., $3; Dr. H. J. Von Lackum, Iowa, $5; Edward Herms, Pa., $2; S. L. V. Young, Md., $5; J. G. Phelps Stokes, N. Y., $25; Mrs. Bishop, N. Y., $1; Mrs. Robert Hunter, N. Y., $25; W. E. W., N. C., $2; Oscar F. Donaldson, Ia., $15; F. L. Cook, Wis., $1; Wm. Scott, Ia., $5; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meserole, N. Y., $5; A. M. Jerauld, Tenn., $5; J. F. Willits, Kans, $1; S. C., R. I., $5; H. C. B., N. Y., $10; Agnostic, Pa., $5; Dr. Hunter, Pa., $5; L. S., Ohio, $5; Laura E. Fairchild, N. Y., $5; Taylor Bros., N. C., $25; Thos. Hickling, Fla., $5; Chas. L. Breckon, Chicago, $1; Rev. A. J. Collison, Pa., $2; Elof Anderson, Colo., $1; Rev. R. M. Webster, Calif., $5; Ohannes Varshag, Colo., 50 cents; Rufus W. Weeks, N. Y., $100; Rev. Lucien V. Rule, Ky., $10; J. F. Linville, Wash., 50 cents. Total, $471.00.

Whatever has come in which is not used for Comrade Carr's journey will be sent to the treasurer of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, Rev. W. A. Ward, Alzey, Ky., and will be used in the national work of the Fellowship. I am convinced that no money has been paid in that will bring greater results, and if we have been able both to make this Christian Socialist Fellowship a world movement and also to be instrumental in restoring Comrade Carr's health for his future influence, we will indeed all of us feel thankful that we have had a hand in this undertaking.

J. O. Bentall.

The Stuttgart Congress

We will leave the report of the Stuttgart Congress to Editor Carr, who will no doubt have it ready for us for the next issue.

Send for a bundle to give to your friends.

By the way, we have some of the Episcopal edition left. Send for a bundle of ten for ten cents.

Get Ready for Heaven

"A copy of your paper has just fallen into my hands and on viewing the same I find these words in the [illegible]orial column on page four, over the initials, [illegible] P. The words referred to are as follows: 'The best way to get ready for heaven is to step out of hell.' These words refer to me. We are now in a material hell. I merely want to say that I am not a Christian Socialist, but I am a Socialist Christian. That is, my religion is my politics and my politics is my religion. If I be religiously right how can I be politically wrong, and if I be politically wrong how can I be religiously right. My religion requires me to protest against every wrong that wrongs a human being. Therefore I must protest against this mammonized system of interest, rent and profit grafting that is defended by many who call themselves Christians. In my opinion a religion that refuses to know anything about the evils of this mammonized system under which we are now struggling for life has no soul-saving influence with a just God. We are to-day in a mammonized inferno of poverty, misery, prostitution, crimes and suicide called civilization, and were taught to believe that our civilization is a product of Christianity. If Christianity is responsible for such conditions it is time to cut it out."

The above is a correspondence from L. J. Smith of Kansas, and he suggests that we might use it in these columns.

What are you going to say about it?

His words are stinging and to some extent harsh, and yet he is expressing very nearly the correct characterization of present conditions. From this letter and many like it that come to our office we are more and more convinced that infidelity, atheism and the anti-church spirit that now exists is largely due to the attitude of the church towards the practical problems of life.

What can you say about the logical conclusion to which our comrade has brought us when he says that if Christianity is responsible for the wicked conditions in our political, social and economic life to-day, the sooner we are rid of it the better?

We take the stand, however, that the true Christian spirit and the teachings of Jesus do not uphold the system under which these evils flourish. We are talking about true Christianity now and as we do that we will say that the wrongs now existing are *not because* of Christianity, but *in spite* of it.

Capitalism has gotten the start of many of the church people and made use of them for profit. It has even taken into its control Jesus himself and is using him to shield itself and make more dollars. The church has been blinded for a long time, but is beginning to see the real state of affairs and will sooner or later emancipate itself from the bonds of Mammon. We have faith in the church because its principles are right. We believe that finally it will break every fetter that holds it down and come out squarely for the system that will make it possible for us to act out in practical life the religion it preaches.

That is the only way to attain unto a condition that will mean relief from oppression, suffering and want. When we get the co-operative commonwealth established we will have heaven upon earth. The church should help establish this heaven on earth and then it may find some reason for its claim upon the people of all the nations of the earth.—J. O. B.

The Baptist Special

We announced in the last issue of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST that we are planning to get out a special edition to circulate as far as possible, especially among the Baptists. We have already been promised some excellent articles and are looking for some more. If you know a strong writer of the Baptist church who is a Socialist, urge him to give us his best. Also send us his name and address.

In the meantime we would like to have all who are interested send for bundle orders, or at least indicate how many copies you desire, so we may know how many to print.

We depend on you to help make this edition effective. It should go into every Baptist minister's hands and [illegible] the homes of thousands of church members [illegible] us hear from you with any suggestion for the [illegible] edition and also send in your orders.

Greetings from Mid-Ocean

(Editorial Itinerary by E. E. C.)

"Sunset and evening star—
And one clear call for me!—
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea!"

Pleasant greetings to all our readers from Old Neptune, King of the Sea, whose kindly humor has made it exceedingly delightful to all mortals whose path lay across his domain during the month of August.

While lying in New York harbor waiting for our ship to start many vessels of all nations were there and the multitude of ferries, tugs and smaller boats covered the water. This is reputed to be the busiest harbor in the world, largely because of the freight and passenger ferries.

Among the largest vessels the Kron Prinz Wilhelm was chief. It was an interesting sight to see her enter the slip at the dock. Five strong, snorting, puffing tugboats were required to nose her stern into line with the wharf. They bored in like so many black ants against her mighty side and their united strength had at first no perceptible effect. But at last with much persistence and expense of smoke and noise they got her where she could glide in. The size of these ships is well nigh incredible. No picture gives any approximate idea of their great length and height. Our Potsdam, a medium sized boat, is about six hundred feet long and has three great decks.

Quietness and Wonder.

At 4 a. m. Wednesday, August 7, we were assisted by a powerful tug out into the middle of the Hudson River, our prow pointed to sea and we moved off with our own steam, passing Sandy Hook lightship about 6 a. m., where our pilot was dropped and we committed ourselves to the mighty ocean.

The morning was rather hazy and the view from the ship was therefore disappointing as we steamed past the city and forts, but the sun came out of the sea like a blood-red banner of fire whose clear outline pierced the clouds and soon his glory flooded the waves, which sparkled like burnished silver to[ward] the east.

Among our first items of business were to rent deck chairs and have the steward place them where we could best view the ocean and to select our chairs at the table for meals. Comrade Simons, who had crossed before and knew the points, secured seats for both of us at the center table, where the roll of the ship is less apt to interfere with feasting. Then we paraded the decks or enjoyed the sea from our chairs.

Terrible Class Distinctions.

The first few days at sea will always be memorable, whether the weather be fair or foul. The power of Old Ocean, the mystery of the deep, the indescribable variety and beauty of color in the waves, the different forms of life abounding in the water, the mixture of races on board and the abominable and terrible class-distinctions so relentlessly enforced—all these give ample suggestions for thoughtfulness. And if the sea be rough, the terror of the storm and the horrible sickness can never be forgotten. We have enjoyed beautiful weather, except a foggy night and one rainy day. No strong wind, no terrific waves and very little sickness on board. In fact, the voyage has been so uneventful so far (the eighth day out) that there is very little to write about.

As a further illustration of the difference with which the world regards the master, middle and working classes, the first cabin passengers are called to their meals by a melodious bugle, the second cabin passengers by a shrill hand-bell, the steerage passengers by a nerve-racking gong, or "dishpan," as one of our fellows called it. But the difference in food, accommodations and treatment is far greater. It is noticeable that the first-class passengers may pass into the second class realm and both first and second class may "inspect" the steerage (as one visits a menagerie of strange animals), but the steerage dare not trespass on second class decks nor a second class passenger set foot on first class territory.

The upper classes possess the lower and need not respect their feelings. Also, *the way down is always easy; the way up is hard;* and under the competitive system the way up is forever impossible for the vast majority. The steerage far outnumber both first and second class combined, and the steerage produces most of the wealth, *and has the power*, and when it once learns this—puff!!!

During the first few days we saw a few rollicking porpoises and many black shark fins cutting the surface of the sea, a few gulls and a fine Italian passenger ship. The fourth day, off the fishing banks of Newfoundland, we were in sight of from six to fifteen fishing vessels, two and three masters, until nearly evening when we passed into the unfrequented main Atlantic. One day we saw an American warship in the distance, the next day a French passenger ship and a few hours later a ship of the Holland-American line, sister to our Potsdam. All these incidents, so trifling under ordinary circumstances, aroused keen interest among the passengers. In this boundless waste of waters a seagull, a fish, a ship or even a little stormy petrel is a matter of importance.

Within the limits of one's class, first class, second class or steerage, one soon finds congenial spirits. All ideas and movements are represented. I have talked by the hour to a genial Roman Catholic priest from Nebraska and, even Simons, who is supposed to contemn preachers and priests, talks chiefly with me or the priest. They seem to get on famously together. He has promised us to read certain Socialist books.

A Jewish woman, who speaks several languages and calls herself an anarchist, is one of the most interesting personalities on board. So far from being an anarchist, she is devoting herself and talents with complete abandon to the Zionist movement to settle Palestine with Jews and finally possess it. The spirit of Miriam and Deborah is in her. She hopes much and seems willing to suffer much for her race. I tried to show her the larger hope for all humanity and how the hope of the Jews is wrapped up in it. She should work for Socialism, and, I think, will.

All sorts and conditions of men and women are on board, among them one old fellow, a perfect gentleman at other times, who gets drunk every other day and makes himself a nuisance to his neighbors at table. We are fortunate in having only one such in our class among hundreds of us.

Here is the place to view the classes in all their baldness. The first class passengers have more elegant and commodious cabins, a more spacious dining room, finer furniture and linen, more tempting food and beautiful flowers on the table. They also have the broad promenade deck and the great hurricane deck, where we less exalted passengers dare not place our feet.

The second class passengers, to which we belong, have smaller cabins and a less attractive dining room and no flowers, but such a good bill of fare that a man at our table said he wished the ship's propeller would break and delay our arrival in Europe a week because he liked the board. We have excellent food, well prepared and well served, in amazing variety, the breakfast and supper consisting of four courses, the dinner of six.

We are also privileged because the ship has less than 100 first class passengers, to promenade on the main deck entirely around the first cabin, a circuit of some 600 feet. Our principal business is walking for exercise and gazing at the sea. It is amusing to [watch] a man industriously parading at a fair pace with a look of solemn anxiety upon his face. Even while you smile you admire his pluck and wish him success in keeping down internal rebellion. So far I have paid no tribute to Neptune, except that of admiration and awe.

But I would be willing to be sick a week for the sake of seeing a great storm at sea. The other morning my cabin mates began dire threatenings because I stated in a tone of disappointment as I looked out of my port hole before arising:

"Same old smooth sea, same old bright sun, same old monotonous solitude. I am losing respect for Old Neptune. Why don't he go on a rampage and give us an exhibition of his power and grandeur?"

By that time Simons was trying to arrange with the other fellow to Jonah me, so I subsided. Perhaps I'll see all the grandeur of Old Ocean that I wish on the way home. I hope so. But the steamship seems to have discouraged Neptune and robbed the sea of its romance and terror.

The third class, or steerage passengers, who pay almost as much as we do for passage, must have a frightful time. Their quarters are small and ill-ventilated. Their table is of uncovered, unpainted boards. They sit on rude wooden benches. They eat coarse soup, undressed boiled potatoes and cheap bread. They dare not come to our part of the deck any more than we go to the first class deck, and they have small room for walking and no chairs to sit on. As one watches them lying flat on the deck or sitting against the bulwark clad in coarse uncomely garb, with the dull, dark, hopeless look on their faces, he cannot but repeat Hugo's famous title "*Les Miserables.*" Yet they are the ones who produce the wealth in which the first class passengers revel and largely the comfort which those of the second class enjoy. But they do not seem to see the injustice of it. It is the second class passenger who pities the steerage and damns the first cabin. And it is he who must arouse the world to the horrible injustice, useless cruelty and absolute hopelessness of our present class system of business and government.

On the whole we have greatly enjoyed the voyage. Comrade Simons was in dreadful agony one night and day and I have been somewhat unwell for two days, but we are both better now and hope to land in still better condition. I have found Simons a delightful travelling companion, interesting, gentle, considerate and brotherly.

Neptune's White Horses.

August 15, our ninth day out, was glorious. Heretofore King Neptune has only been playfully exercising his white ponies, but now his great white horses are leaping and charging over the sea. It is a magnificent sight. The ocean looks like a vast panorama of hills and valleys, every hill crowned with snow and emerald sheen in the sunlight; and this vast field is not quiet, but stupendously active. The hills sink into valleys, the valleys rise into hills and every hill is broken into a thousand smaller peaks and ridges until the whole blossoms out into a ridge of snow and rushing foam three hundred feet long. Thousands of these are visible at once in the vast cup we seem to sail in, and on the distant horizon rim the waves mount into great ridges against the sky line and break into snow. It looks as if the ocean were in white bloom all over. Often a mighty ridge of water, like a long range of hills, rushes forward broadside across the sea until it breaks into foam and dies away, only to be followed by another. And so the restless ocean heaves and rages incessantly.

The roll of the ship has increased steadily for the last three days, but so gradually that few have been sick.

To-day several steam fishing vessels were seen and scores of white-bodied, grey-winged gulls are following the ship, proclaiming the near approach of land.

Land Ahead!

At five p. m. the people crowded the decks to see the great lighthouse off the Scilly Islands and the land itself, a group of fifty rocky upstarts that dare the sea far out from Land's End. At sight of land the steerage people began to yell for joy, as well they might after their terrible confinement and bad food. Everyone was greatly interested in the sight of the rocky, surf-beaten rocks that guard Old England from the ravages of the sea and from hostile fleets toward the Southwest. Small wonder the Spanish Armada went to pieces on her unfamiliar, unlighted shores. Now two great lighthouses and several smaller beacon towers are seen at Scilly, and on the larger island a few white stone huts. Scant vegetation renders a large population impossible there.

My first view of land from the vast and terrible ocean brought to memory a song my mother sang when I was a mere boy, suggesting the storms of life from which she was soon after freed and the hope of a better world which cheered her last days, which hope is also mine:

"Land ahead! Its fruits are waving
O'er the fields of fadeless green!
And its living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen!"

—E. E. C.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN, the only Socialist paper in America devoted wholly to the interests of women. Monthly, 35 cents a year. Send for sample copy. Address The Socialist Woman, 619 E. 55th street, Chicago.

The Fall Campaign for Subscriptions

We are just through the hot summer months and it will now be possible to work very earnestly and energetically for subscriptions.

We want to ask some questions and would be glad to receive replies to them from the readers. We also want suggestions in regard to increasing circulation

1. Can you give us the name and address of a trustworthy, earnest, lively comrade in your community who would be willing to do some tall hustling for the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST and get subscribers?

2. Can you suggest some method of getting the Christian Socialist into the hands of your neighbor and get him to read it?

3. Have you any good thought in regard to getting sample copies to people who would subscribe if they knew of the existence of the Christian Socialist?

4. What is your idea of "special editions"? Have they been profitable so far?

5. Can you suggest how best to reach the ministers, the school teachers, the doctors, the lawyers, the country editors and the farmers? Would it be well, in your opinion, to publish "special editions" for these different professions?

6. What is the best way to secure FIFTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS?

7. How can we get people to order subscription cards and get them sold?

We are in earnest now. This fall and winter must be made memorable in the annals of socialist propaganda. We are here to work. We are willing to slave day and night if we only get results.

You have helped us greatly in the past—some of you. Will all take hold now?

Just remember that if every subscriber gets ONLY TEN NEW WE WOULD HAVE THE FIFTY THOUSAND NOW.

Is it too much to ask you to have a hand in this? Help us make this fall campaign a glorious success for the greatest work in the world.

Takes Away the Scare and Prejudice

The Best Paper for Pioneer Socialist Propaganda

"The Christian Socialist takes away the scare and prejudice truly," so writes a brave comrade of the cross from the far west. Others write: "We give your paper to people to read who would not look at other Socialist papers."

Our atheistic and materialistic comrades have scared the church people into thinking that if they become Socialists they must give up their Christianity. One bright young man, who is now working hard for Socialism, told me how he was made to believe by the materialist comrade who converted him to Socialism that he could no longer be a Christian.

There are millions of church people who must be reached before we can successfully vote in the new system. But they will never be won to our ranks by making them think that the teachings they have held sacred all their lives must be given up.

As the Christian Socialist stands for true religion as well as Socialism we have a paper the church people will read. The tremendous question confronting us now is, how to reach these millions.

I remember the senior editor of this paper only a few years ago said to me before he knew much about the Socialists, "I am afraid of them, I want to see what kind of people they are." He thereupon decided to attend the great National Socialist convention in Chicago. When he returned he said to me: "I never attended such a convention in my life. (He had been a Prohibitionist for years and often attended their conventions.) I never before saw such a brotherly spirit manifested, such fairness shown on the floor of a convention. Every delegate seemed to want every other delegate to have fair play. The Socialists are all right." Ever since he has been doing all in his power for the cause.

If the Christian Socialist removes the "scare and prejudice" we can well claim that it is the best pioneer propaganda paper in the field. For everybody who doesn't know anything about Socialism has this "scare and prejudice."

For this reason the Christian Socialist is equally good for propaganda among non-church going people. Once get people to reading the Christian Socialist and they will soon want to read the great works on Socialism and then they will at once try to convert others.

Now, dear comrades, you who gladly welcome it to your homes, how much effort are you going to make the coming months to distribute copies and get subscriptions? One brave self-sacrificing comrade, Francis Knott, of Canada, sent us sixteen subs. for Methodist preachers and he writes as follows: "I think the whole Christian ministry should be bombarded with just such literature, but as I am only a common 'wage slave,' I can only afford to go a very little way towards such a bombardment. If only the church would see it as her duty, to promulgate the doctrines of Socialism, how the 'common people' would rally round her! And how soon would the glorious revolution be accomplished! But let us each do our best and we are bound soon to win, so here is a list of sixteen names and if I don't lose my job, by next month, I will send you some more." In a short time he sent us another list of fifteen subs. We were not expecting to hear from him so soon, but were delighted. We tell you this, comrades, to stir you to do likewise. Why not? The circulation of this paper must reach the fifty thousand mark ere many more months go by or we will be missing a tremendous opportunity to add Socialists to the ranks.—Mrs. E. E. C.

The Daily Socialist

Arrangements have been made whereby we are able to send you the Daily Socialist of Chicago and the Christian Socialist both for the price of the Daily as follows:

The Daily Socialist	$2.00
The Christian Socialist	.50
Total	$2.50

We will furnish you both of them a whole year for $2.00.

Current Literature

Edited by Rufus W. Weeks

If no one rises to object, I propose to interpret the title of this column freely, taking license to bring forth under it things old as well as new—things that people ought to be reading as well as things they are reading—such, for instance, as an essay of Huxley's mentioned in a recent letter from a friend. My friend writes: "I read the other day Huxley's essay on Evolution and Ethics. I had no idea of his breadth before. So many pseudo-intelligent men nauseate you with talk of the principles of natural selection applying to human society and justifying the ruthlessness of competition and war; not seeing that evolution, the survival of the fittest, has no application to society. It is nearly twenty years since this was demonstrated by Huxley. He says, '*Social progress* depends on checking the cosmic process *at every step*.' 'Social progress does not mean the survival of the fittest, it means making men fittest to survive.' 'Survival of the fittest might mean, under changed conditions of climate and temperature, survival of lichens and mosses.' Truly I felt that I had struck a treasure-house when I read these sentences. That essay ought to be a part of school curriculums."

The same friend—who, by the way, is James M. Trimble, a lawyer well known throughout New Jersey—writes in another letter: "Do you know, when I survey the civilized world and see how the idea of private property is inextricably mingled in all government and all societies, the change to Socialism seems as difficult as it would be to freshen the ocean. How shall we extract this omnipresent salt? Nothing short of a world-miracle can do it. And yet I believe it will be done. Universal education can have but one end. And, when the time comes humanity will march right up to the vigil of the change, unconscious, thinking that to-morrow will be like all the yesterdays—full of rancor and dispute and fruitless attempts, upheavals here and cataclysms there—and, lo! suddenly the change has come, and the sabbath of a world's peace has dawned.

This is the way of many vast revolutionary changes in the world's history: centuries of study and hesitation, then instantaneous change. So was it with the turning of the Roman Empire to Christianity: at one moment Diocletian and his persecution, then within a few years Constantine and the whole world Christian." So may it be!

* * *

A boy I knew used to read the histories of religious wars and persecutions, and used to think as he read: "Oh, dear! what a pity! If they had only had better sense, they could have lived so much longer, and had so much better a time!" Even so, and so it is to-day in the economic and international life of mankind; what mankind needs is the better sense, the sense to be guided by the Racial Reason, instead of the Divisive Reason. For, locked up in an inner chamber in the mind of man, there sits the Racial Reason, strong and clear and ready to rule as soon as it is set free; it only needs that the locked door be first broken in by some mighty outside Event, some Hammer of God. We Marxist Socialists know what this Event is—it is the uprising of the proletariat, now upon us, and gathering ever cumulative force, for its final world-shaking blow—that crash which will set free the Racial Reason.

This has been well put by H. G. Wells, as a sort of allegory, in his book, "In the Days of the Comet." An immense comet strikes the earth, and interminglies its gaseous substance with the earth's atmosphere; and this new element has the permanent effect of heightening the mental life of man and so instantly clearing the mental vision of all men. It is as if in every man an inner eye were opened, behind the outer eye, through which he now saw things as they really are in themselves, and no longer as they are to his momentary self. How would the world look, seen in this way? What reader is there who will not [illegible] art swell, as he reads the description? [illegible] was in poor old England that he who speaks had been stricken insensible—a young workingman, miserably poor, in the act of killing a rich man from jealousy; and it is in the same land that he awakes.

"I seemed to awaken out of a refreshing sleep. I did not awaken with a start, but opened my eyes, and lay very comfortably looking at a line of extraordinarily scarlet poppies that glowed against a glowing sky. It was the sky of a magnificent sunrise, and an archipelago of gold-beached purple islands floated in a sea of golden green. The poppies, too, swan-necked buds, blazing corollas, translucent stout seed-vessels, stoutly upheld, seemed wrought only from some more solid kind of light.

I stared unwonderingly at these things for a time, and then there rose upon my consciousness, intermingling with these, the bristling golden green heads of growing barley.

A remote faint question, where I might be, drifted and vanished again in my mind. Everything was very still.

Everything was as still as death.

I felt very light, full of the sense of physical well-being. I perceived that I was lying on my side in a little trampled space in a weedy, flowering barley field, that was in some inexplicable way saturated with light and beauty. I sat up, and remained for a long time filled with the delight and charm of the delicate little convolvulus that twined among the barley-stems, the pimpernel that laced the ground below.

Then that question returned. What was this place? How had I come to be sleeping here?

I could not remember.

It perplexed me that somehow my body felt strange to me. It was unfamiliar—I could not tell how—and the barley, and the beautiful weeds, and the slowly developing glory of the dawn behind; all those things partook of the same unfamiliarity. I felt as though I was a thing in some very luminous painted window, as though this dawn broke through me. I felt I was part of some exquisite picture painted in light and joy.

A faint breeze bent and rustled the barley-heads, and jogged my mind forward.

Who was I? That was a good way of beginning.

I held up my left hand and arm before me, a grubby hand, a frayed cuff; but with a quality of painted unreality, transfigured as a beggar might have been by Botticelli.

I remembered Willie Leadford, who had owned that arm and hand, as though he had been some one else.

Of course! My history—its rough outline rather than the immediate past—began to shape itself in my memory, very small, very bright and inaccessible, like a thing watched through a microscope. Clayton and Swathinglea returned to mind; the slums and darkness, Dureresque, minute and in their rich dark colors pleasing, and through them I went towards my destiny. I sat hands on knees recalling that queer passionate career that had ended with my futile shot into the growing darkness of the End. The thought of that shot awoke my emotions again.

There was something in it now, something absurd, that made me smile pityingly.

Poor, little, angry, miserable creature! Poor, little, angry, miserable world!

I sighed for pity, not only pity for myself, but for all the hot hearts, the tormented brains, the straining, striving things of hope and pain, who had found their peace at last beneath the pouring mist and suffocation of the comet. Because certainly that world was over and done. They were all so weak and unhappy, and I was now so strong and so serene. For I felt sure I was dead; no one living could have this perfect assurance of good, this strong and confident peace. I had made an end of the fever called living, I was dead, and it was all right, and these—?

I felt an inconsistency.

These, then, must be barley-fields of God!—the still and silent barley-fields of God, full of unfading poppy flowers whose seeds bear peace."

Items From Everywhere

Edited by George H. Strobell.

Two extracts of Roosevelt's Provincetown speech are commented on by the New York Worker in most trenchant fashion as showing his ignorance and malice. These utterances will create a stir. Our readers can make their own comments.

"Certain Socialistic leaders propose to redistribute the world's goods by refusing to thrift and energy and industry their proper superiority over folly and idleness and sullen envy. Such legislation would merely, in the words of the President of Columbia University, 'wreck the world's efficiency for the purpose of redistributing the world's discontent.'"

"There is, unfortunately, a certain number of our fellowcountrymen who seem to accept the view that unless a man can be proved guilty of some particular crime he shall be counted a good citizen, no matter how infamous the life he has led, no matter how pernicious his doctrines or his practices. This is the view announced from time to time with clamorous insistence, now by a group of predatory capitalists, now by a group of sinister anarchistic leaders and agitators, whenever a special champion of either class, no matter how evil his general life.

"Such a view is wicked, whether applied to capitalist or labor leader, to rich man or poor man, and all that I have said as to desirable and undesirable citizens remains true."

I have called attention before to the necessity of our press to pay more attention to the prevalence of peonage in its various forms. Here is a characteristic case. Ninety workmen were hired in New York City by a man representing himself as an agent of the United States Steel Corporation. They were taken to Duluth, separated and forced to act as strike-breakers in the mines. They appealed to Governor Hughes by telegram, stating they were forcibly detained. The governor of New York through his secretary quietly washed his hands off the matter by the following telegram:

"The governor of New York has no jurisdiction in Minnesota. If you are illegally detained you should apply to the authorities there. If any offense has been committed against New York law it can be prosecuted here if there is evidence available to prosecuting authority."

And now the injunction goes one step further. Fletcher M. Dean, of Tombstone, in the sacred name of Justice, says to the working class of Bisbee, Ariz.: "This is to command you to absolutely desist from writing or sending through the mails any written or printed card, circular, letter, or other communication conveying to any patron or prospective patron of the plaintiff any information of the miners' strike."

It is curious to see how the way a Socialist government would deal with the trusts is being elaborated by capitalist society. In fact, in watching the developing industrial conditions we become steadily more sure of the Socialist diagnosis. In the suit of the United States vs. The American Tobacco Co. as a combination in restraint of trade, the court is asked to enforce the judgment to be rendered by the appointment of receivers who shall take possession of all the property, assets, business, and affairs of said defendants, and wind up the same, and otherwise take such course in regard thereto as will bring about conditions in trade and commerce among the States and with foreign nations in harmony with law.

Washington dispatches state that, whatever the Federal courts may think of the receivership idea, the leading officers of the Departments of Justice and Commerce "regard it with confidence and believe it to be thoroughly sound in law. It is for the special benefit of the public. They say "if an injunction was granted keeping the companies from doing business the public might be greatly inconvenienced. For instance, the American Snuff Company controls the entire snuff output of the country. If this company should be enjoined from doing business, the snuff-users of the country would be put to great inconvenience."

The New York Evening Post says: "It is said that this is a legal novelty. Well, for our part, we are not displeased to see the assailants of oppressive combinations exercise a little of that fertile ingenuity for which the lawyers in their defense have long been noted. The law is a great arsenal of weapons, old and new. A layman cannot tell what one may be drawn out and successfully used. The government lawyers are no chickens, and they must have found at least a color of law in the Sherman Anti-trust Act for this new move of theirs."

* * *

How shall we gain possession by peaceful means? our opponents ask. Why, this move of the Attorney General challenges the private ownership of all corporate property. A Socialist State or National government will have its methods of procedure fully defined when it comes. Said Liebknecht: "Who can sharply distinguish the present from the future state? The present state grows into the future state, just as the future state is already in the state of today."

* * *

The most important news of the week is the development of the Steel combination in England. One by one the arguments of the anti-Socialist are silenced. "We were pre-eminently the home of the combination because we had deliberately shut out by our tariff laws all outside competition which would, by *natural influences*, have kept prices close to cost of production." But here is a country open to the trade and competition of the whole world in which the modern social tendency toward co-operation is accented by a gigantic Steel Trust controlling about 90 per cent of the trade.

* * *

The first election for members of the Municipal Council at Tientsin, China, which is composed of natives, took place July 5th. Over 8,000 votes were cast. One hundred and thirty-five councillors were elected. One received over 1,000 votes.

* * *

Later reports from Austria indicate that two additional seats have been carried in the reichrath, making the Socialist representation now eighty-seven.

* * *

Refugees from South China report the rebel movement as a most portentous one, with an army organized after European methods. War notes, which the rebel leaders promised to redeem at twice face value after the fall of Canton, are being issued; proclamations posted, and everything carried out in form. The rebel manifestos are issued in Chinese and English, and declare for the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, establishment of republican government, nationalization of land and all public utilities and establishment of union between China and Japan.

* * *

The government of Portugal is in a fair way to be involved in a first-class revolution. It is, however, very difficult to get any reliable information from the seat of the disturbance as the censorship of the press and telegraph service is very strict. For some time the civil law has been suspended, the nation being ruled by autocratic decrees issued by the prime minister. Of late these have become so unbearable that neither the minister nor the king have dared to appear in public unless surrounded by troops.

Can you think of any one in your neighborhood who might be induced to subscribe if you put the matter squarely before him? A sub. card will do it. Get five for $2.

You can help us do good by getting subscribers. Have you sent for those five sub. cards? They can be had for $2.

We want 50,000 subscribers. Subscribers mean Socialists. Get the point?

Socialism will be established as soon as a majority of the people want it. All people who know what Socialism is want it. The CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST informs the people on the subject. Help us get it into every home.

The Christian Socialist Fellowship

Prof. E. J. Ward Secretary, Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. William A. Ward, Tr[illegible] Henderson, Ky
National Executive Comm[illegible] Fifty Members

Another Comrade Accepts Appointment

"Your letter in regard to work of District Secretary just at hand. I will say that it gives me pleasure to accept the appointment. I consider it an honor to be appointed to such a work. I should be glad to lecture, myself, on Christian Socialism at any time within a reasonable distance from here. I am yours for Christian Socialism." So writes the Reverend Paul H. Castle from Hamilton, Montana. Now let all the Christian Socialists of Montana communicate with Comrade Castle and offer him their hearty co-operation in the great work that he has undertaken.

The same mail that brings Comrade Castle's acceptance brings also the names of two new members of the Fellowship sent in by Comrade William H. Randall of Riverside, California. The fine thing about these new members is that they are mother and son. We want the sons, but we want the mothers also. I never hear of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution without thinking how much finer it is to be among the mothers, not alone of the new American Revolution, but of the World Revolution, that shall bring, without bloodshed, by the power of an intelligent ballot, the final abolition of kingship and all tyranny of privilege. Comrade Randall closes his letter with these words: "We shall yet have many members from this community." We shall; and from every community in this broad land, for the Social Spirit of Jesus Christ, which "comes to break oppression, to set the captives free, to take away transgression and rule in equity" is all abroad. Men and women everywhere are beginning to believe that Jesus was not a fool, that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand *and is ours for the taking*. And they are rising up against the hosts of Mammon to take it.

ESTABLISH CENTERS EVERYWHERE.

From every section of the country, from Maine, California, Louisiana, Texas and far off Nova Scotia, as well as from nearer home have been coming, during the past month, letters in regard to the establishment of Christian Socialist Fellowship Centers. Nearly every mail brings a report from somewhere of the beginning of great things. For instance—you remember the Rev. Elliot White, that Wendell Phillips' like soul of Worcester, Mass., who wrote "The New Days of Witness," the great confession of Faith, real Christian world-saving, social Faith, that appeared in the July 15th issue of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST—well, here comes a fine long letter from Comrade Geo. Willis Cooke, of Boston, to say that Comrade Elliot White is planning to establish a Christian Socialist Fellowship Center in Worcester and to give his whole time to the work. Comrade Cooke, being close by with his advice and guidance and constant good cheer, working with Comrade White, will assure his success in this great work. And now to speak of one from the other end of the country; a letter from the Rev. E. F. Stanton, of Davidson, Oklahoma, says that he is to lecture at Forth Worth, Texas, August 22-25, inclusive, on "Christian Socialism," and that the comrades there want him to organize a Christian Socialist Fellowship Center. Millard R. Crawford, Secretary County Local, Magnum, Okla., said once, "I have heard Debs; I have heard Stanton. It is a question in my mind who can reach the most people, Debs or Stanton." We have not heard yet from Ft. Worth, whether the Center is established but we know the effort is being made and that it will probably succeed.

IF YOU HAVE A GOOD SPEAKER,

thoroughly versed in Socialism—its history—its philosophy and its program; consecrated to the work of bettering the world in the spirit of Jesus Christ, sane and tactful, forceful and kind, and prepared to give his time for an hour each Sunday afternoon through the winter—if you have such a man (or woman) THERE IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD NOT ESTABLISH A CENTER IN YOUR COMMUNITY. Call the comrades together, arrange for an hour which will not conflict with the services of the churches (say at four in the afternoon of Sunday), procure a meeting place, order four or five hundred copies of Comrade Moyer's "Songs of Socialism." Set the day for the first meeting, write it up in the local papers, get it announced in the various churches, invite the ministers and other leaders of thought, and all Socialists who are willing to help spread the gospel of Socialism among Christian people. Don't be discouraged if the crowd is small at first. Keep cheerful. Try to show simply that the old message of individual regeneration, necessary and true as it is, is not the whole of Christianity, that the great social gospel of reconstructing society on a basis of justice and co-operation instead of upon unjust privilege and selfishness is also a part of the full truth of Christianity; that the Socialist movement is practically aiming at and accomplishing just this, and that therefore (if for no other reason) we who call ourselves Christians must unite in this great Socialist Movement, or shirk like cowards the larger obligations of our faith. Keep cheerful. Try not to antagonise. Speak the truth in love. And you can't fail.

IF YOU HAVEN'T THE SPEAKER,

nevertheless you can do a lot of fine work for the cause. For instance you can suggest to the superintendent of the Sunday school that a class in Christian Socialism would be a good thing. I know of several such classes that are well attended and helpful. Prof. Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis" is a fine text-book for such a class. It is possible that the superintendent may be afraid of the name; in that case you could suggest a class in "Social Christianity;" the name is nothing; what we want is the thing itself. Or perhaps you can arrange for meetings for discussion, in your own home at first, and then in those of the other comrades. Remember that the early church organizations began in meetings in the homes of the Christians. Make all such meetings hearty, cheerful, interesting, free from all bitterness, full of the spirit of brotherhood.

AT ANY RATE

you can secure subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST and so help the paper along toward the fifty thousand mark and the place where it can be issued weekly at the same rate as at present. The method that I find most convenient is to send in to headquarters four dollars for ten sub cards. These I keep in my pocket for use; whenever I meet a person who apparently needs a subscription I tell him so; sometimes the money comes with the subscription, sometimes it doesn't; but the important thing always happens—THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST gets a new reader, and the great message of Brotherhood, a new opportunity.

AND REMEMBER

we Christian Socialists owe a duty, not only to carry the message of Socialism to the organized Christians, but we also owe a duty to the party local that is seeking to maintain itself and grow in our community. We ought, I think, to join the local, to attend its meetings, to pay our dues and in every possible way to help to strengthen it. There are members of the FELLOWSHIP who are not party members, and some of them are justified but in most cases, it seems to me, we should identify ourselves with, and support in every way the nearest party local, and then, working out from that, in the broadest, kindest, most Christian spirit, seek to convert Christian people to Christian economics and Christian politics; that is, to Socialism.

LET US MAKE THIS FALL AND WINTER GREAT FOR CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

Yours for it,

EDWARD J. WARD.

Three Things

I.

SILENCE.

Should any at thee hurl their shafts of hate
And scorn, go silent onward, O my soul!
Let them not lure thee to the shallow shoal
Of small contention; they will but berate
Thee more thereafter. Fools that speculate
Upon a star change not its course one whit.
Throned with eternal Truth doth Silence sit;
And subject unto her is every fate.
Then, though the heart that thou hast trusted in
Through all the years, against thine own should sin,
Speak thou no word of harshness, but be still;
For sorrowing eyes of love more deeply thrill
Than wounding words; and they who wait and bear
Shall victory's imperial purple wear.

II.

SORROW.

How often in our heedless haste we say
To even one who is our dearest friend,
"Do this or that, and all our trust will end!"
But like the skies which brighten far away,
When widening dawn awakens unto day,
Love onward leads and bids us follow him—
For well Love knows that though our eyes be dim
With tears of anguish now, he will array
Our souls with glory in the after years,
When God's great purpose in each trial appears.
For Love arises from Life's crucial test
Far sweeter, yea, as well as sadly wise;
And soon the sorrow which so sorely tries
Will prove the angel by which we were blessed.

III.

SONG.

A rebel I will be and will obey,
Nor man, nor mandate, but my sense of right.
With soul unshackled I will seek the light
That leads to Truth and Love's unending day.
Yea, and I will not tarry on the way,
Silent and slumb'ring 'mid Tradition's night.
God's harbinger to hymn the morning bright,
My song shall be, and none shall say me nay.
Yet I must suffer with my fellowmen,
In wage-slave hell or dismal, nameless den;
Making their want and woe my very own;
Sharing their every agony and groan—
Freedom in service found and strength like ten;
Fettered and feeble he who lives alone!

—Lucien V. Rule.

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